

01-08-1984, p. 3

In the middle of the service, HLRP asked me if I wanted to have dinner with her & WSP; Yes I said. The service was very disappointed. I couldn't get it all focused; very fragmented. Both HLRP and I were somewhat out of sync in church. HLRP did not sing at all and on the way ^{home} in the car she stated: "I just couldn't sing today. I was feeling too sentimental." At one point during the memorial service for Helen Ketchum, Rev. Puller read the following verse from the Bible - "I shall lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength" -- and I began to cry. Everywhere old age, sickness and death were in the air & it got to me -- I thought about RTP, I thought about the fact that Laura Rude and Edith Gardner will probably not be alive for many more years, and on and on. When the service was over, HLRP and I enjoyed some refreshments during the "fellowship hour" in the Sunday School room. When we exited from church it was snowing very hard -- it was clear & dry when we went in. Mother took my arm as we walked in the blinding snow from the BBC down to the car, which was parked by the Lincoln Avenue entrance to the old Post office. W Powell was in the kitchen when we arrived. He was "wondering where you were," said he to HLRP; it was touching that he was concerned with HLRP's welfare in the snowstorm. As HLRP prepared dinner, I went up to the attic & got together about 7 boxes of books and papers and brought them down to the kitchen -- mostly things from my oswego period. We ate dinner: steak, boiled white potatoes, broccoli, black-eyed peas (my idea), mushroom, cottage cheese, pickled cauliflower, ^{chocolate} ice cream & also vanilla/chocolate/strawberry. HLRP & I had a cup of tea. WSP was "filled with football" -- the final game / playoff / super bowl (if you please) is in two weeks, and WSP had to explain who was who & so on. HLRP and I did our best to show enough interest / comprehension. I sorted through the boxes at the Hornstead and managed to weed out about three large plastic garbage bags full of stuff. The remainder, 4 boxes, I put in the Eagle & WSP drove me into town at about 4:30 PM. It was a